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KREEMER
Peter Milligan
Brett Ewins
Steve Dillon
TWO OF 6

SKREEMER™

Created by Peter Milligan & Brett Ewins

part two
"A Drop of the Creature"

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SKREEMER 2
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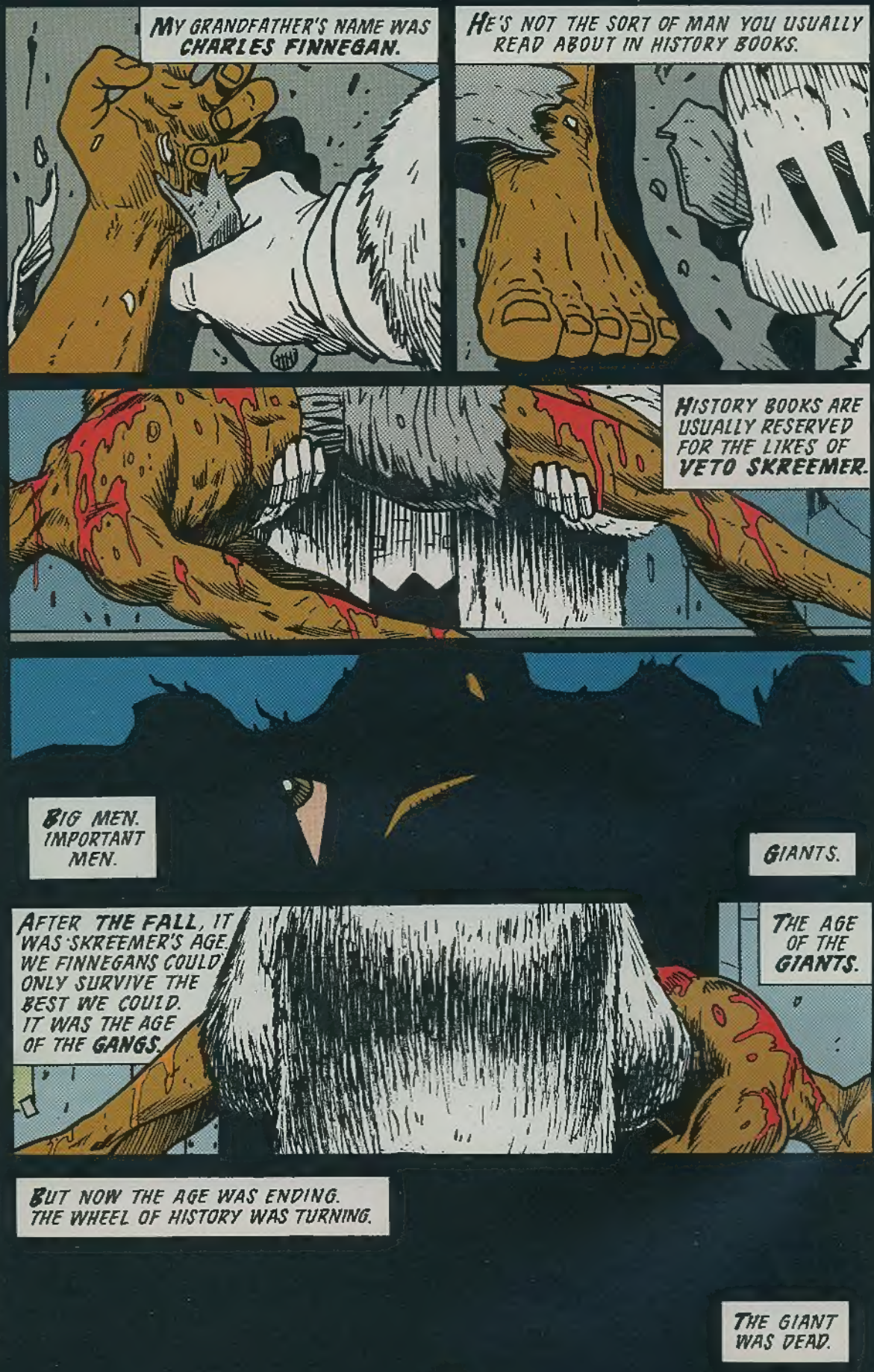
MY GRANDFATHER'S NAME WAS CHARLES FINNEGAN.
HE'S NOT THE SORT OF MAN YOU USUALLY READ ABOUT IN HISTORY BOOKS.
HISTORY BOOKS ARE USUALLY RESERVED FOR THE LIKES OF VETO SKREEMER.
BIG MEN. IMPORTANT MEN.
GIANTS.
AFTER THE FALL, IT WAS SKREEMER'S AGE. WE FINNEGANS COULD ONLY SURVIVE THE BEST WE COULD. IT WAS THE AGE OF THE GANGS.
THE AGE OF THE GIANTS.
BUT NOW THE AGE WAS ENDING. THE WHEEL OF HISTORY WAS TURNING.
THE GIANT WAS DEAD.

BUT THE GIANT REFUSED TO LIE DOWN.
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VETO, THEY WANTED TO KNOW... WHAT YOUR **PLAN** WAS. BUT I COULDN'T TELL 'EM... 'CAUSE **YOU** DIDN'T TELL ME. SO THEY...
MY FACE. THEY DROPPED A RAT ONTO MY FACE...

IT **ATE** MY **FACE**, VETO... I WAS THE **BAIT**. SO YOU COULD **KILL**... ALL THOSE **PRESIDENTS**...

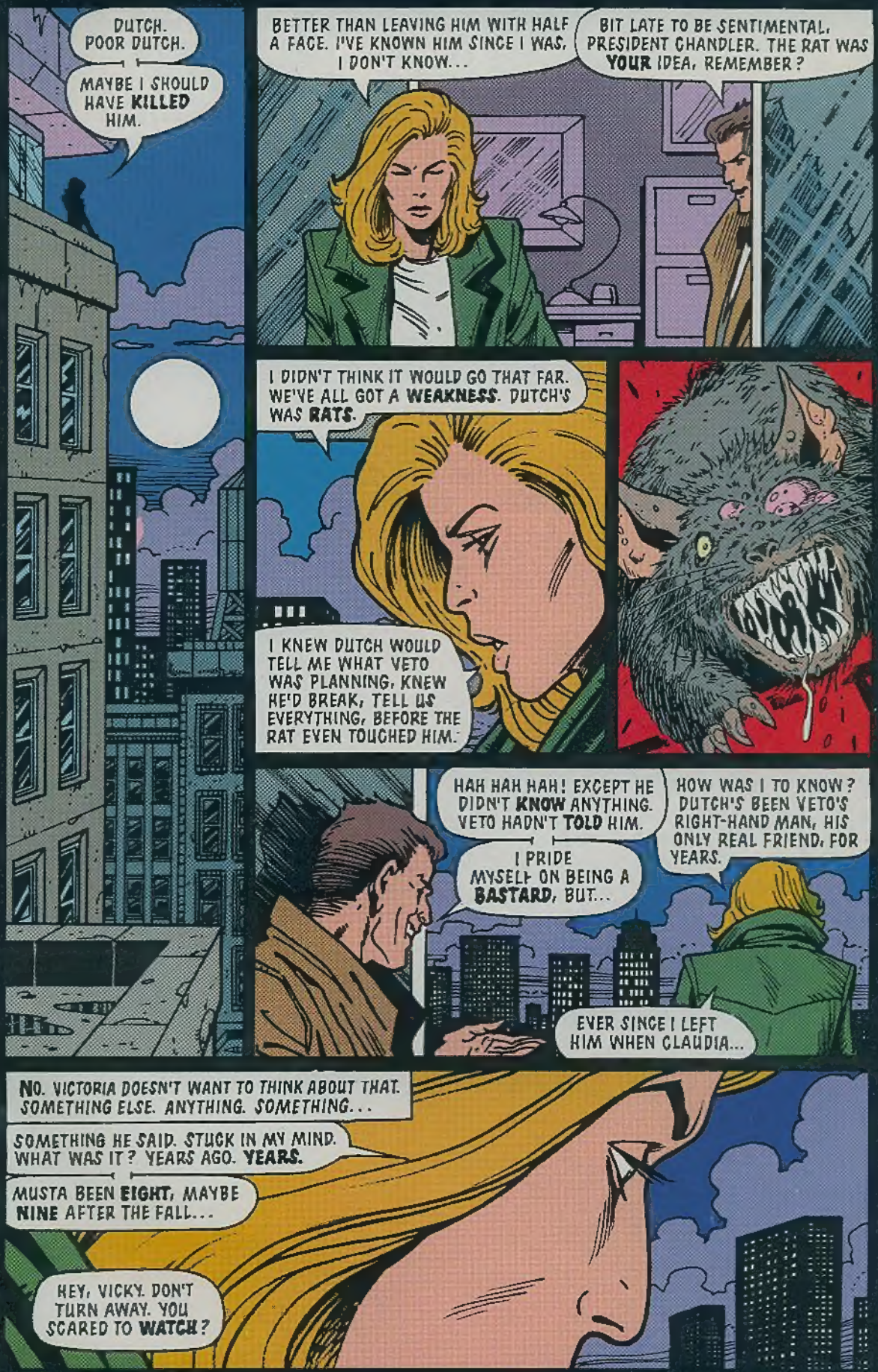
"THEY ONLY CAME TO THE **MEETING** BECAUSE **I** WAS THERE. THEY THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO GOOD OLD **DUTCH**."

DUTCH. VETO. REMEMBER HIM? YOUR OLD FRIEND?
DUTCH...

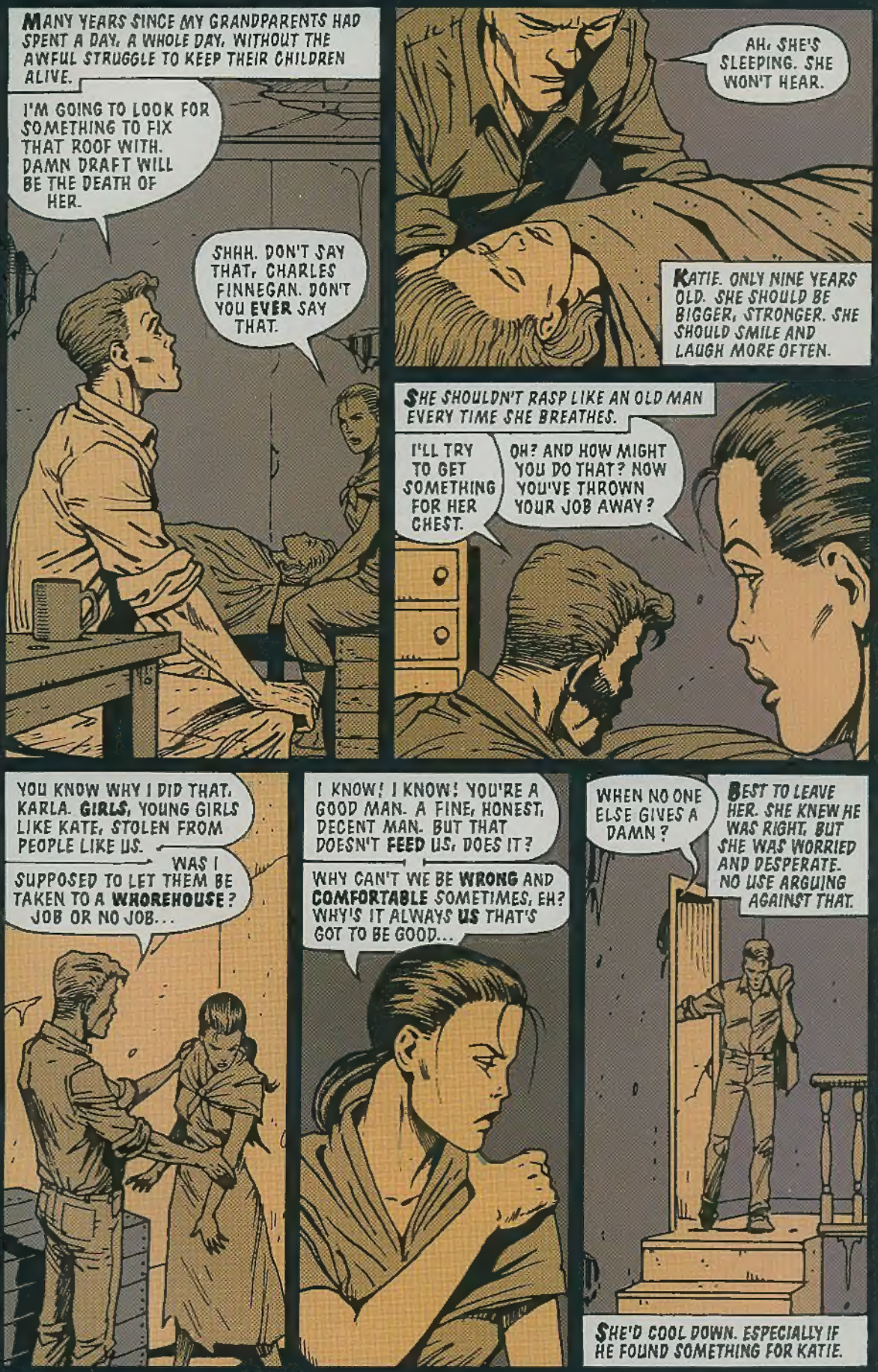
DUTCH. THEY CALL ME DUTCH.
DUTCH AMSTERDAM.

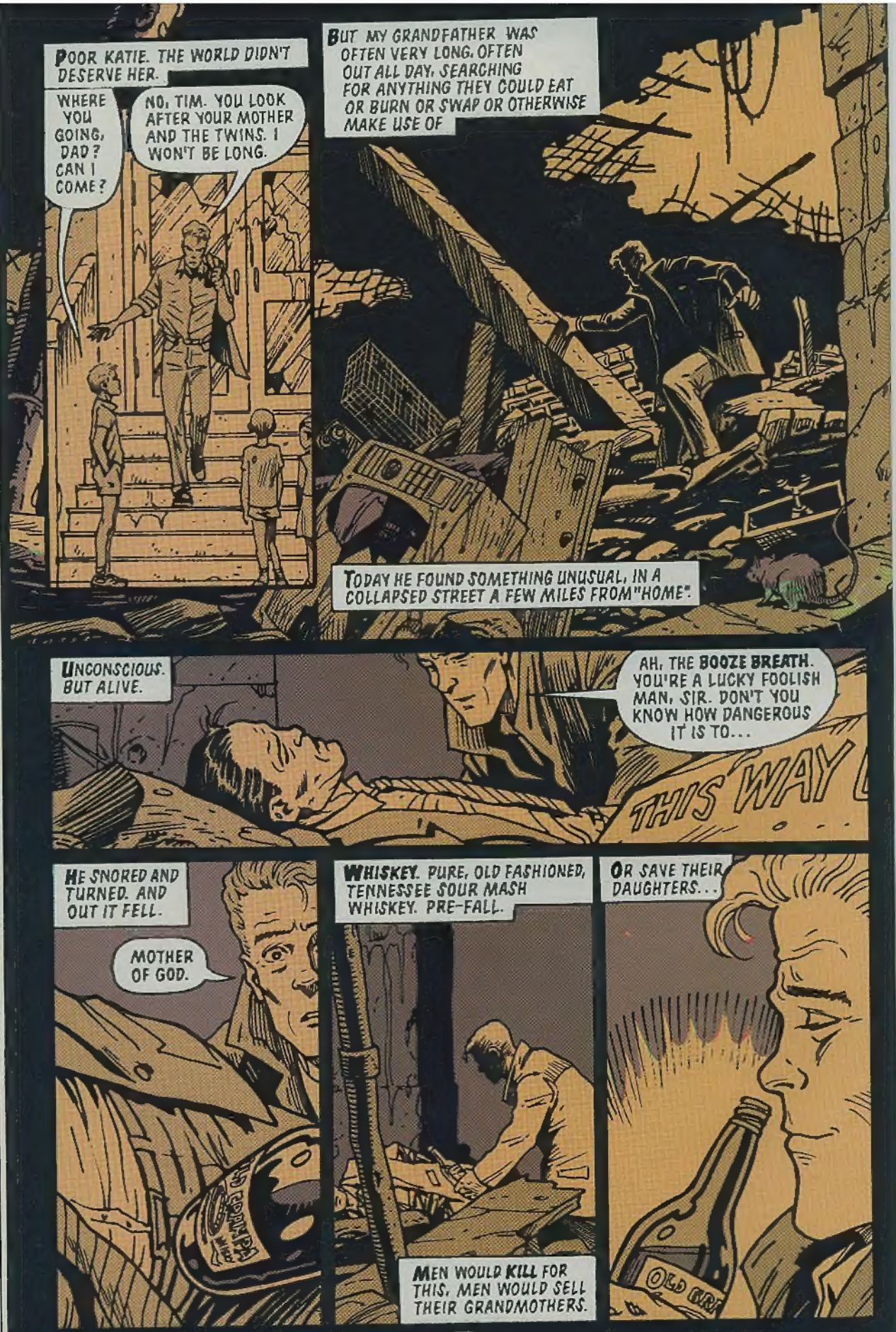
AND I'M VICKY. VICTORIA. VICTORIA CHANDLER. VICTORIA ELIZABETH CHANDLER.
YOU SAVED OUR LIVES. THE FIRE ESCAPE WAS BROKEN, AND...
I KNOW. I'M **VETO**.

WE'LL BE TOGETHER FROM NOW ON.


DUTCH. POOR DUTCH.
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM.
BETTER THAN LEAVING HIM WITH HALF A FACE. I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE I WAS, I DON'T KNOW...
BIT LATE TO BE SENTIMENTAL, PRESIDENT CHANDLER. THE RAT WAS YOUR IDEA, REMEMBER?
I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD GO THAT FAR. WE'VE ALL GOT A WEAKNESS. DUTCH'S WAS RATS.
I KNEW DUTCH WOULD TELL ME WHAT VETO WAS PLANNING, KNEW HE'D BREAK, TELL US EVERYTHING, BEFORE THE RAT EVEN TOUCHED HIM.
HAH HAH HAH! EXCEPT HE DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING. VETO HADN'T TOLD HIM.
I PRIDE MYSELF ON BEING A BASTARD, BUT...
HOW WAS I TO KNOW? DUTCH'S BEEN VETO'S RIGHT-HAND MAN, HIS ONLY REAL FRIEND, FOR YEARS.
EVER SINCE I LEFT HIM WHEN CLAUDIA...
NO. VICTORIA DOESN'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT THAT. SOMETHING ELSE. ANYTHING. SOMETHING...
SOMETHING HE SAID. STUCK IN MY MIND. WHAT WAS IT? YEARS AGO. YEARS.
MUSTA BEEN EIGHT, MAYBE NINE AFTER THE FALL...
HEY, VICKY. DON'T TURN AWAY. YOU SCARED TO WATCH?

VETO SAYS WE ALL GOTTA HAVE THE TEST OF COURAGE, SO HE CAN SEE WHAT WE'RE MADE OF.
THAT I-INCLUDES Y-YOU, DUTCHY.
PLEASE, GUYS, I DON'T WANT... PLEASE, NOT A RAT...
NINE AFTER THE FALL.
JEEZ, HE'S FLIPPED!
I'M SORRY, DUTCH. I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU HATE RATS. HOWEVER MUCH YOU FIGHT IT, IT WILL ALWAYS BEAT YOU.
THAT'S WHY YOU'LL HATE ME ONE DAY.
THAT'S WHY YOU'LL HATE ME ONE DAY.
RICHTER, YOU EVER GET THE FEELING YOU'RE IN A DREAM, AND THE DREAMER'S CRAZY?
NINE YEARS AFTER THE FALL. ELEVEN YEARS BEFORE MY OWN FATHER WAS BORN.
A FEW MONTHS SINCE VETO FIRST MET DUTCH AMSTERDAM AND VICTORIA CHANDLER.
I TOLD YOU HE WAS CARRYING.
NOW WE CAN GO TO WORK.


MANY YEARS SINCE MY GRANDPARENTS HAD SPENT A DAY, A WHOLE DAY, WITHOUT THE AWFUL STRUGGLE TO KEEP THEIR CHILDREN ALIVE.
I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR SOMETHING TO FIX THAT ROOF WITH. DAMN DRAFT WILL BE THE DEATH OF HER.
SHHH. DON'T SAY THAT, CHARLES FINNEGAN. DON'T YOU EVER SAY THAT.
AH. SHE'S SLEEPING. SHE WON'T HEAR.
KATIE. ONLY NINE YEARS OLD. SHE SHOULD BE BIGGER, STRONGER. SHE SHOULD SMILE AND LAUGH MORE OFTEN.
SHE SHOULDN'T RASP LIKE AN OLD MAN EVERY TIME SHE BREATHES.
I'LL TRY TO GET SOMETHING FOR HER CHEST.
OH? AND HOW MIGHT YOU DO THAT? NOW YOU'VE THROWN YOUR JOB AWAY?
YOU KNOW WHY I DID THAT, KARLA. GIRLS, YOUNG GIRLS LIKE KATE, STOLEN FROM PEOPLE LIKE US.
WAS I SUPPOSED TO LET THEM BE TAKEN TO A WHOREHOUSE? JOB OR NO JOB...
I KNOW! I KNOW! YOU'RE A GOOD MAN. A FINE, HONEST, DECENT MAN. BUT THAT DOESN'T FEED US, DOES IT?
WHY CAN'T WE BE WRONG AND COMFORTABLE SOMETIMES, EH? WHY'S IT ALWAYS US THAT'S GOT TO BE GOOD...
WHEN NO ONE ELSE GIVES A DAMN?
BEST TO LEAVE HER. SHE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT, BUT SHE WAS WORRIED AND DESPERATE. NO USE ARGUING AGAINST THAT.
SHE'D COOL DOWN. ESPECIALLY IF HE FOUND SOMETHING FOR KATIE.


POOR KATIE. THE WORLD DIDN'T DESERVE HER.
WHERE YOU GOING, DAD? CAN I COME?
NO, TIM. YOU LOOK AFTER YOUR MOTHER AND THE TWINS. I WON'T BE LONG.
BUT MY GRANDFATHER WAS OFTEN VERY LONG. OFTEN OUT ALL DAY, SEARCHING FOR ANYTHING THEY COULD EAT OR BURN OR SWAP OR OTHERWISE MAKE USE OF
TODAY HE FOUND SOMETHING UNUSUAL, IN A COLLAPSED STREET A FEW MILES FROM "HOME".
UNCONSCIOUS. BUT ALIVE.
AH, THE BOOZE BREATH. YOU'RE A LUCKY FOOLISH MAN, SIR. DON'T YOU KNOW HOW DANGEROUS IT IS TO...
THIS WAY
HE SNORED AND TURNED. AND OUT IT FELL.
MOTHER OF GOD.
WHISKEY. PURE, OLD FASHIONED, TENNESSEE SOUR MASH WHISKEY. PRE-FALL.
MEN WOULD KILL FOR THIS. MEN WOULD SELL THEIR GRANDMOTHERS.
OR SAVE THEIR DAUGHTERS...
OLD CR

UHHHGG?
WH...WHAT THE HELL...
AH...HI THERE, MISTER. I JUST FOUND YOU HERE. YOU WAS SLEEPING AND...
THERE'S NO NEED FOR THAT, MISTER. I'M NOT A THIEF...
BASTARD... MY WHISKEY...
I'LL...
BLAMM!
A NICE LITTLE FAMILY BUSINESS. I WANT ALL THE DRUGS YOU GOT. PLAGUE POWDERS, POX PILLS, RAIN VACCINES, THE LOT.
O-OKAY. JUST TAKE IT EASY, SON...
EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE OKAY.
DAMN RIGHT IT IS, HON.
KLICK!

RIGHT, YOU LITTLE BUCKET OF CRAP. DROP THE GUN.
DROP IT, VETO FOR GOD'S SAKE.
THIS ISN'T HOW IT SHOULD HAPPEN LITTLE KIDS SHOULD BE SCARED OF BIG MEN WITH GUNS.
I-I SAID DROP IT.
WON'T BE THE FIRST TIME I'VE WASTED A LITTLE RUNT LIKE YOU...
CHARLES FINNEGAN CLUTCHED THE BOTTLE TO HIS CHEST AND RAN. IT WAS TOO LATE TO TURN BACK NOW. IT WAS DONE.
KARLA WOULD BE PLEASED
HE HOPED HE HADN'T HURT THE MAN TOO BADLY. HE'D ONLY HIT HIM ONCE. THAT HAD BEEN ENOUGH TO BREAK HIS JAW.
THEY COULD BUY DRUGS WITH THIS. DRUGS FOR KATIE'S THROAT AND CHEST. AND SOME DECENT FOOD TOO.
MAYBE THEY'D TURNED THE CORNER, WITH THIS WHISKEY. THIS WATER OF LIFE. OF LIFE. YES, OF LIFE
A DOOR BLOCKED HIS PATH. HE PUSHED. AND THEN WARM LIGHT WASHED OVER HIM.
HE REMEMBERED, FOR NO GOOD REASON, RUNNING HOME ACROSS A GREEN FIELD LONG AGO.
HE STARED...

ALMOST CRYING.
INRI
WHO CARES?
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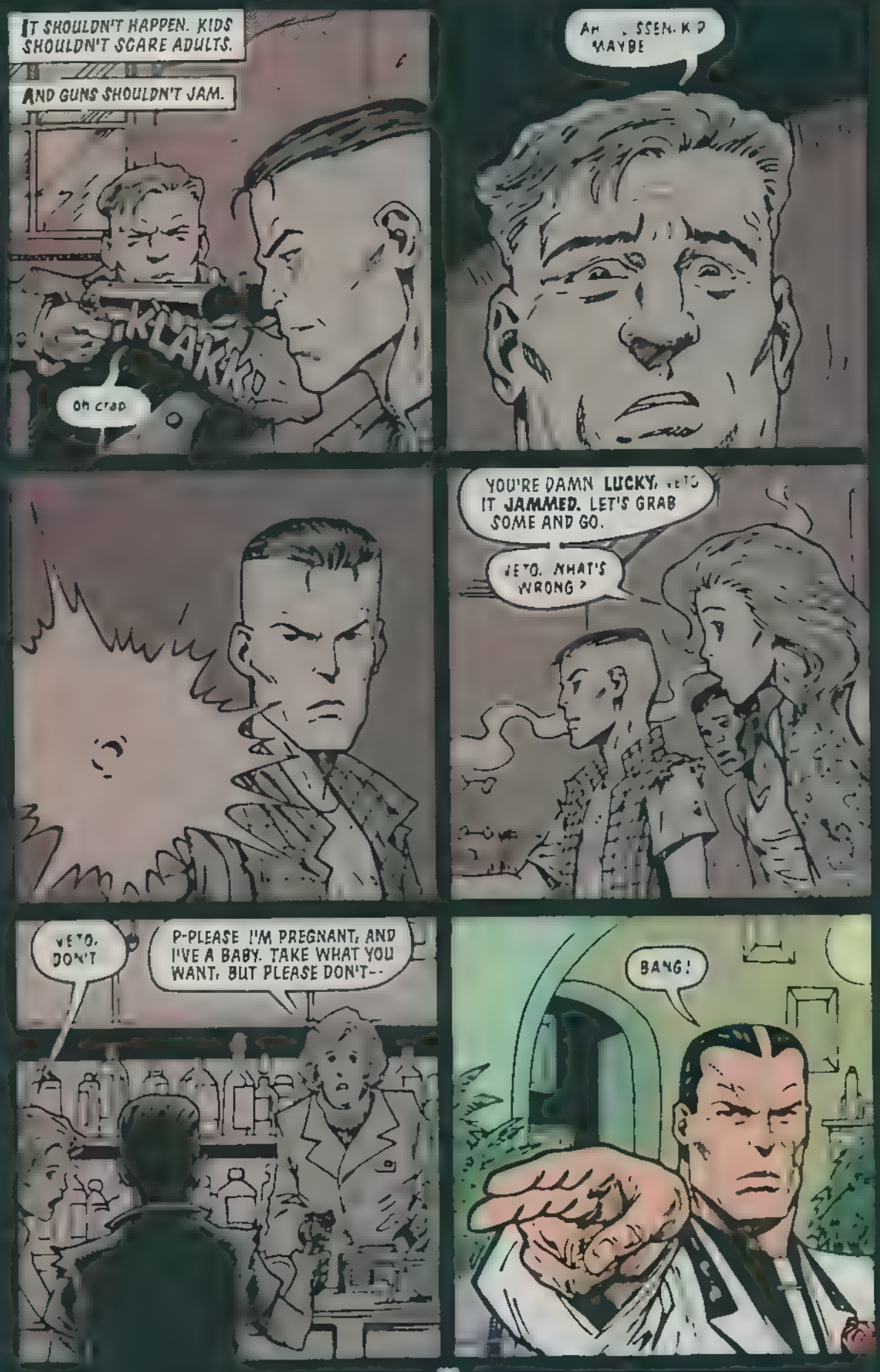

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN. KIDS SHOULDN'T SCARE ADULTS.
AND GUNS SHOULDN'T JAM.
CL
KLAKK
oh crap
AH . SSEN. K ?
MAYBE
YOU'RE DAMN LUCKY. VETO IT JAMMED. LET'S GRAB SOME AND GO.
VETO. WHAT'S WRONG?
VETO, DON'T
P-PLEASE I'M PREGNANT, AND I'VE A BABY. TAKE WHAT YOU WANT, BUT PLEASE DON'T--
BANG!

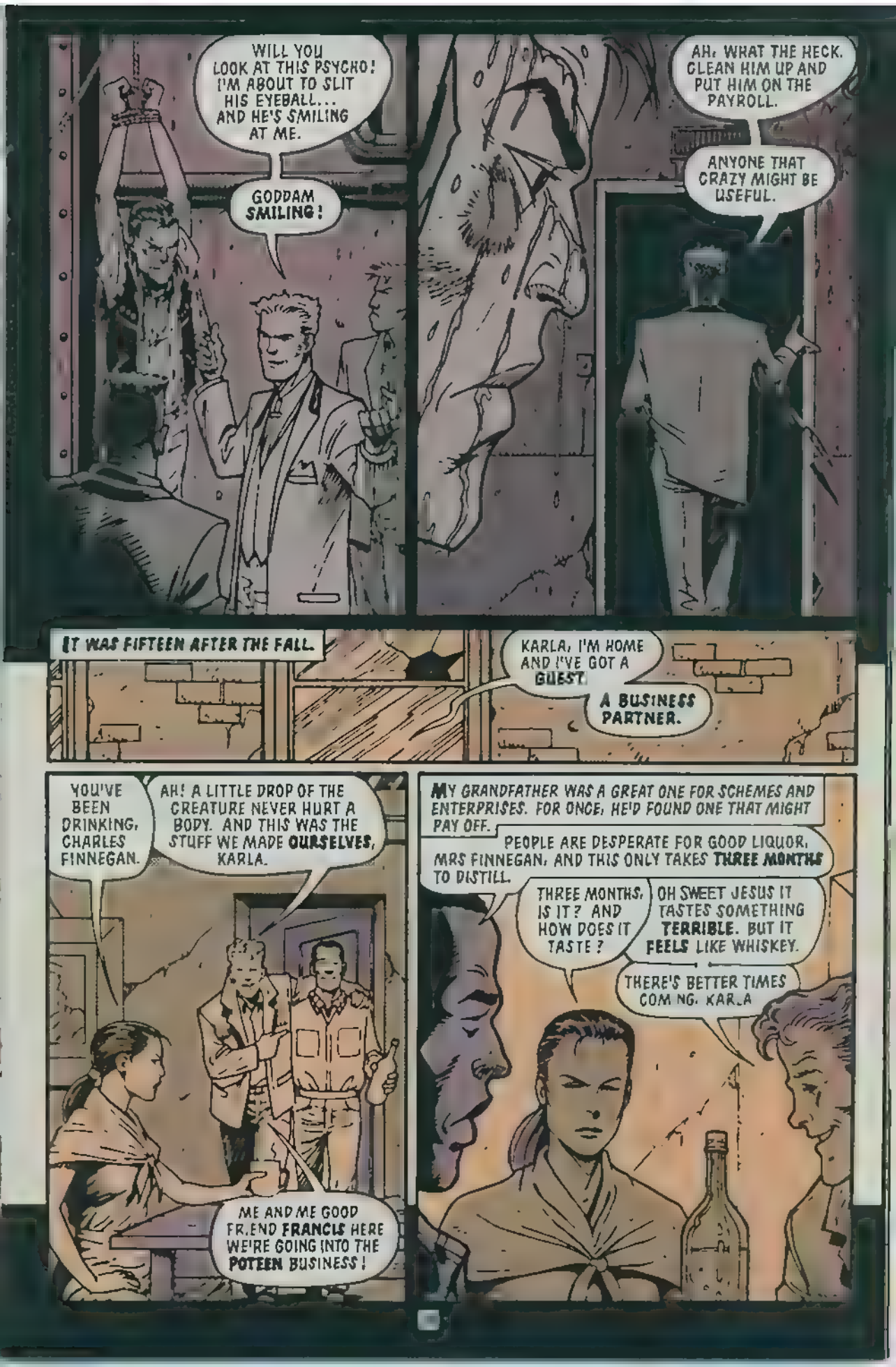
HE'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN HOW TO PRAY AND TO WHOM HE MIGHT PRAY
TO THIS CRACKED CHRIST? THIS BROKEN ALTAR?
BUT THE LIGHT THE LIGHT STILL SQUEEZED IN. ALL THE RUIN, THE FILTH, ALL THE DESTRUCTION ..
IT HADN'T COMPLETELY BLOCKED OUT THE LIGHT
PLEASE, GOD IF YOU'D JUST LET KATIE LIVE. I KNOW I SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THE WHISKEY, BUT I KNOW YOU'LL UNDERSTAND
TWO SHOTS RANG OUT IN THE DISTANCE.
CHARLES FINNEGAN HARDLY HEARD THEM
JUST LET MY KATIE GET BETTER.
GOD, YOU'RE MAD
SHUT UP AND LOAD UP
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE KILLED HER, VETO. YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THAT
WRONG. SO WRONG BOTH OF YOU.
NOT LUCKY
NOT MAD
NO CHOICE.

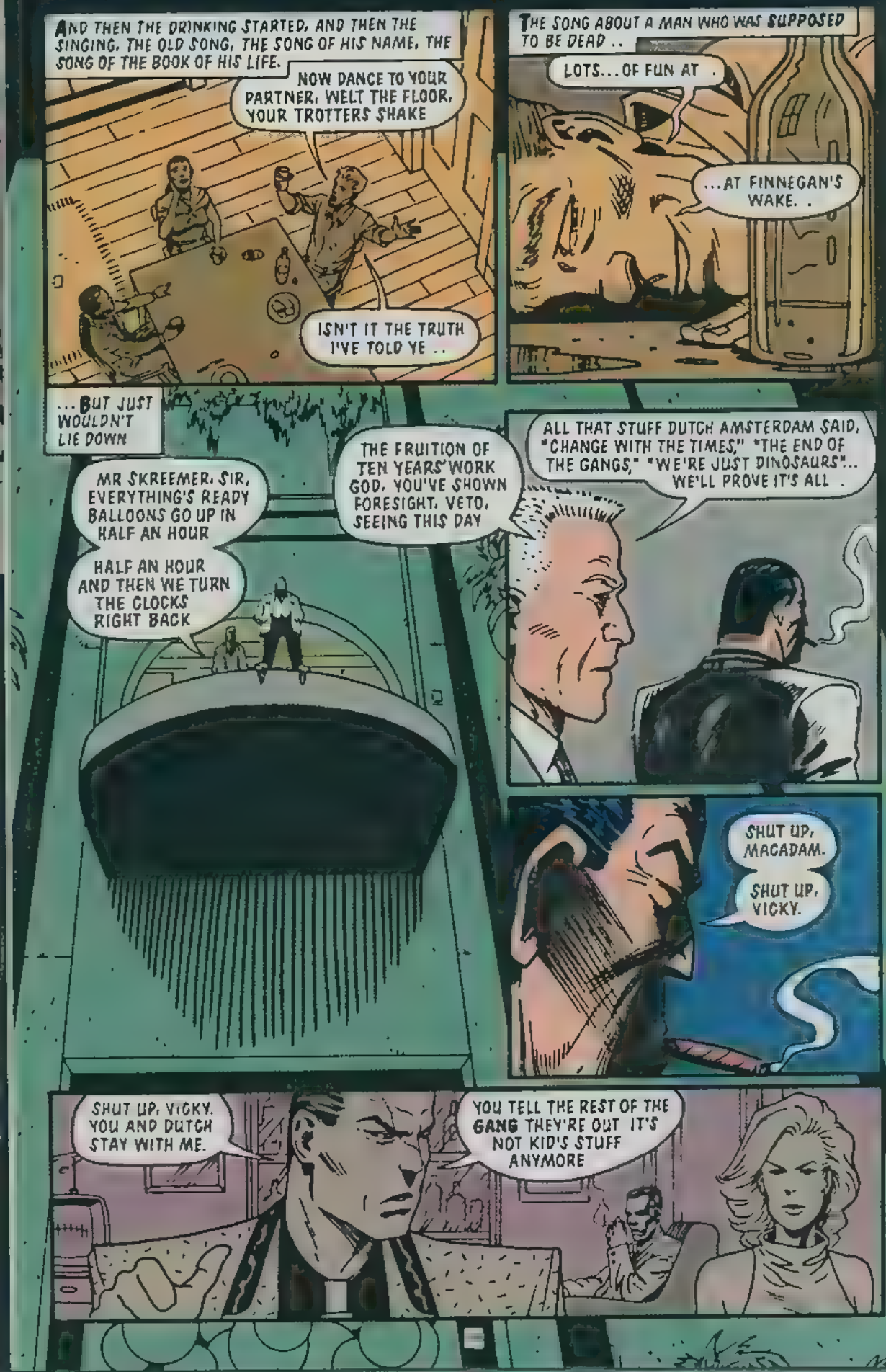
SOMETHING MADE CHARLIE SHIVER AS HE APPROACHED THE RUBBLE THEY CALLED HOME
HE WAS STILL CLUTCHING THE WHISKEY, LIKE A CRUCIFIX, TO HIS CHEST.
HE HEARD THE WAILING FROM HALFWAY DOWN THE STREET.
DON'T LET IT BE KARLA. HE THOUGHT TURN BACK DON'T GO ON. TURN BACK AND COME BACK LATER PLEASE. GOD, DON'T LET IT BE KARLA.
MY BABY. MY BABY.
OH GOD MY BABY.
HE SAT DOWN. AND HE LOOKED UP, MY GRANDFATHER, HE LOOKED UP, AT THE SKY
THE EMPTY EMPTY SKY
THEY BURIED KATE FINNEGAN TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE BLASTED RUINS OF A FORGOTTEN CHURCH

FOURTEEN AFTER THE FALL.
A SKREEMER DON'T BE STUPID, VETO. EVEN YOU. NOT A SKREEMER.
THEY'RE KILLERS. THAT'S ALL THEY DO. KILL.
I KNOW
NOT MUCH WAS KNOWN ABOUT JULES BLANCO HE WAS A SKREEMER, AN ASSASSIN FOR PRESIDENT WHYTE.
THE LEADERS OF THE GANGS WERE ALL CALLED PRESIDENTS. AND THEIR ASSASSINS, THEIR DARK ANGELS. OR, RATHER, THE AGE'S DARK ANGELS.
.. WERE ALL CALLED SKREEMERS.
JULES BLANCO WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN
YOU'VE GOT THE STUFF! HE TALKED!
OF COURSE
AND THEN YOU KILLED HIM? YOU KILLED A SKREEMER?
"OF COURSE"

WELCOME TO THE WHYTE HOUSE, BOY BETCHA NEVER SEEN TAIL LIKE THIS BEFORE? YOUNG, AIN'T THEY?
PRESIDENT WHYTE AND HIS PALS LIKE THEIR MEAT RAW HA HAH
HA HA HA
HAH HAH HAH
YOU? KILLED BLANCO?
YOU'RE JUST A BABY. GET LOST, BEFORE I SKIN YOU ALIVE.
YOU WANT PROOF? THE SKREEMER. HE HAD A RING ON HIS FINGER. A STRANGE RING
THIS IS IT AND BEFORE HE DIED HE TOLD ME ABOUT A CACHE OF MEDICAL SUPPLIES.
I'VE GOT THEM NOW. SOMEPLACE SAFE
I'VE KILLED A SKREEMER, SO THAT MAKES ME A SKREEMER. LET ME WORK FOR YOU... AND YOU GET THE MEDICALS BACK
I'VE A BETTER IDEA. A MUCH BETTER IDEA, LITTLE SKREEMER.

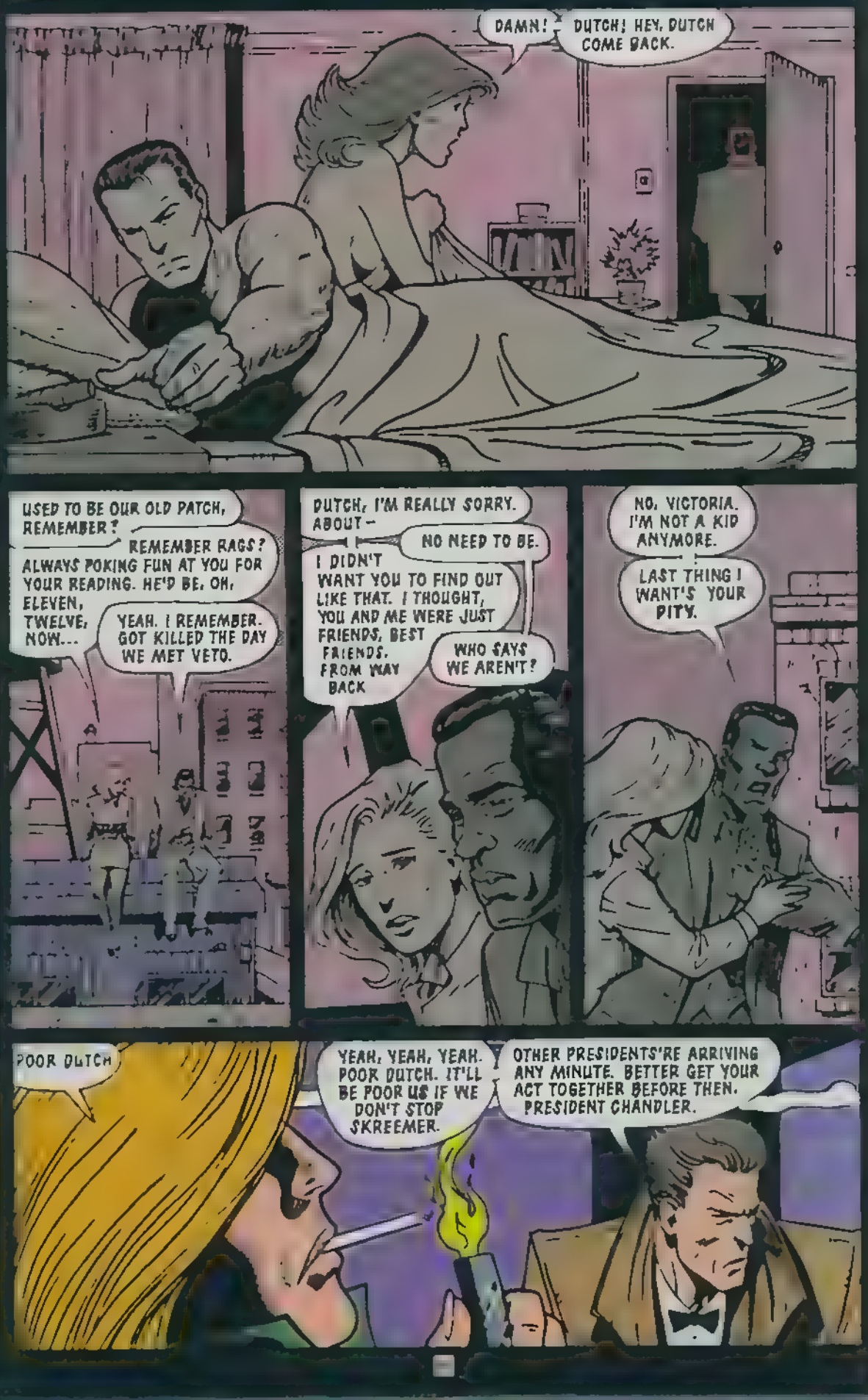
THWOK!
FOR CHRISSAKES, MR PRESIDENT. WE BEATEN HIM TO A PULP. HE DON'T EVEN CHANGE HIS EXPRESS ON
TOUGH KID, EH? JUST TELL US WHERE THE MEDICAL SUPPLIES ARE, AND WE'LL KILL YOU SLOWLY.
OTHERWISE
OTHERWISE IT'S GONNA BE A LONG, LONG NIGHT.
NOW THE EYE, EVER SEEN AN EYE OUT
GOOEY. LIKE AN EGG
THE YOKE KINDA DRIBBLES OUT...

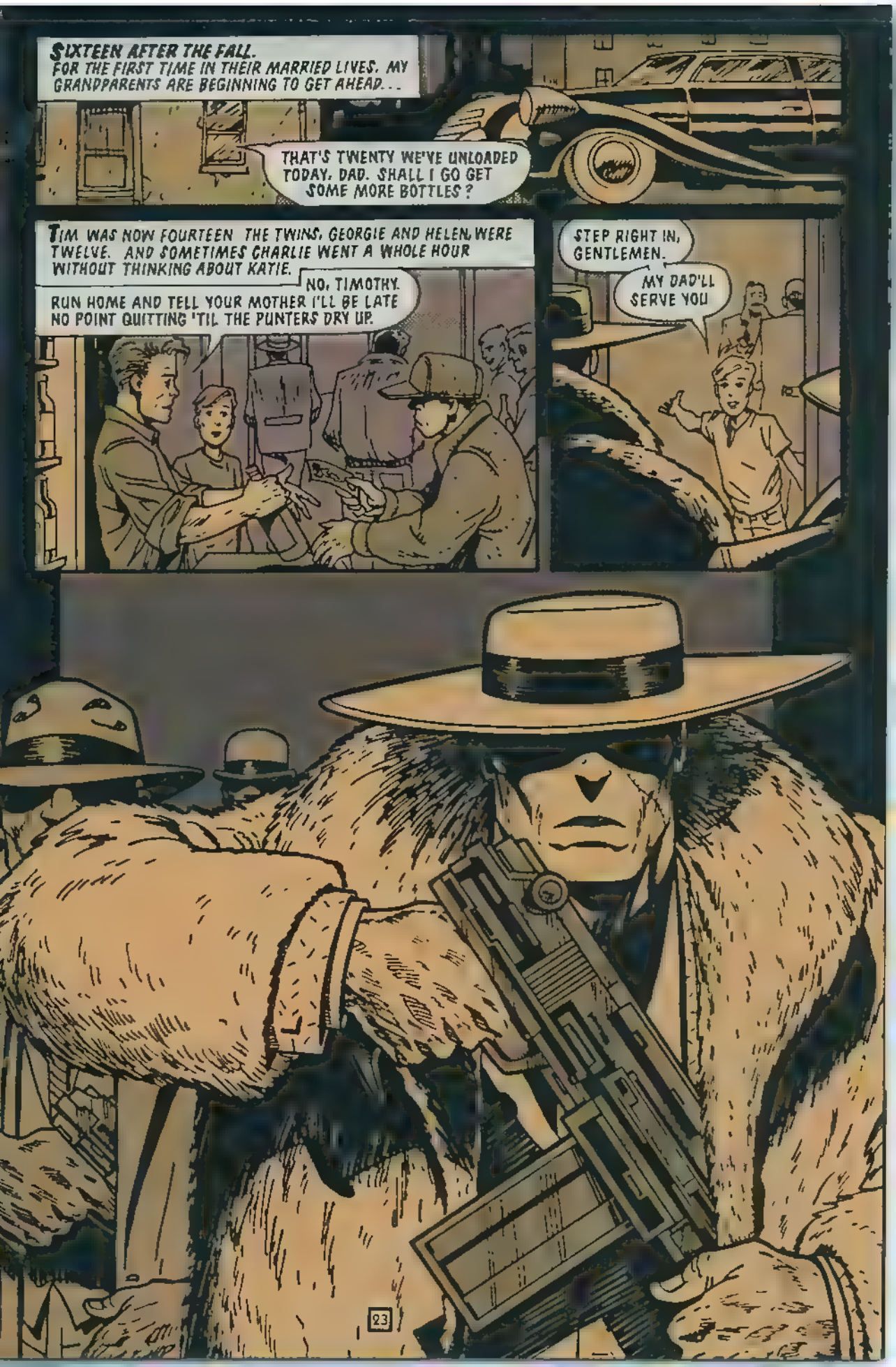

WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS PSYCHO! I'M ABOUT TO SLIT HIS EYEBALL... AND HE'S SMILING AT ME.
GODDAM SMILING!
AH, WHAT THE HECK. CLEAN HIM UP AND PUT HIM ON THE PAYROLL.
ANYONE THAT CRAZY MIGHT BE USEFUL.
IT WAS FIFTEEN AFTER THE FALL.
KARLA, I'M HOME AND I'VE GOT A GUEST.
A BUSINESS PARTNER.
YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING, CHARLES FINNEGAN.
AH! A LITTLE DROP OF THE CREATURE NEVER HURT A BODY. AND THIS WAS THE STUFF WE MADE OURSELVES, KARLA.
ME AND ME GOOD FR.END FRANCIS HERE WE'RE GOING INTO THE POTEEN BUSINESS!
MY GRANDFATHER WAS A GREAT ONE FOR SCHEMES AND ENTERPRISES. FOR ONCE, HE'D FOUND ONE THAT MIGHT PAY OFF.
PEOPLE ARE DESPERATE FOR GOOD LIQUOR, MRS FINNEGAN, AND THIS ONLY TAKES THREE MONTHS TO DISTILL.
THREE MONTHS, IS IT? AND HOW DOES IT TASTE?
OH SWEET JESUS IT TASTES SOMETHING TERRIBLE. BUT IT FEELS LIKE WHISKEY.
THERE'S BETTER TIMES COM NG, KAR.A


AND THEN THE DRINKING STARTED, AND THEN THE SINGING. THE OLD SONG, THE SONG OF HIS NAME, THE SONG OF THE BOOK OF HIS LIFE.
NOW DANCE TO YOUR PARTNER, WELT THE FLOOR, YOUR TROTTERS SHAKE
ISN'T IT THE TRUTH I'VE TOLD YE ..
THE SONG ABOUT A MAN WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD ..
LOTS... OF FUN AT .
...AT FINNEGAN'S WAKE. .
...BUT JUST WOULDN'T LIE DOWN
MR SKREEMER, SIR, EVERYTHING'S READY BALLOONS GO UP IN HALF AN HOUR
HALF AN HOUR AND THEN WE TURN THE CLOCKS RIGHT BACK
THE FRUITION OF TEN YEARS' WORK GOD, YOU'VE SHOWN FORESIGHT, VETO, SEEING THIS DAY
ALL THAT STUFF DUTCH AMSTERDAM SAID, "CHANGE WITH THE TIMES," "THE END OF THE GANGS," "WE'RE JUST DINOSAURS"... WE'LL PROVE IT'S ALL .
SHUT UP, MACADAM.
SHUT UP, VICKY.
SHUT UP, VICKY. YOU AND DUTCH STAY WITH ME.
YOU TELL THE REST OF THE GANG THEY'RE OUT IT'S NOT KID'S STUFF ANYMORE

SIXTEEN AFTER THE FALL.
OH, SORRY! I FORGOT, YOU'RE A SKREEMER NOW. A DARK ANGEL. YOUR WORD'S LAW, ISN'T IT?
I'VE GOT TO WORK. WE BOTH KNOW YOU'LL DO WHAT I SAY
GOD, DUTCH SOMETIMES I HATE HIM AND HE'S SO WEIRD SOMETIMES. ALWAYS BEEN...
ALWAYS BEEN SOMETHING ABOUT HIM... SOMETHING WRONG SOMETHING SCARY...
WHAT YOU MEAN IS, VICKY
.. YOU'VE GOT THE HOTS FOR HIM.
HOW HOT? HE SCARES THE HELL OUTTA ME, THAT'S HOW HOT HE IS! AND HE AIN'T EVEN SEVENTEEN YET.
SIXTEEN YEARS SINCE THE TURN OF THE WHEEL
A KILLING MACHINE. AN ICEMAN
THOSE DARK FUNNY EYES. NOT LIKE HUMAN EYES, AND THAT FACE, IT'S A KID'S FACE BUT...
BUT IT ISN'T. Y'KNOW?
I HEARD HE'S GOT ANIMAL SENSE. ALWAYS ONE STEP AHEAD.

"ONE STEP? TWO STEPS, MINIMUM. AND THAT FACE, IT'S LIKE OLD. OLD AND TIRED...
"LIKE IT'S SEEN EVERYTHING THERE IS TO SEE."
TELL YOU THE TRUTH. HE'S THE BEST SKREEMER I GOT. GONNA BE A GIANT. WOULDN'T SWAP HIM FOR THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE.
HEY, CLAUDIA. GIVE PRESIDENT DUKASS YOUR SPECIAL, BABY.
YOU'LL LOVE TH S. DUKE
I'M I'M SORRY I
GODAMMIT, WHAT S
Oh god oh god oh yes
yes yes


DAMN!
DUTCH! HEY, DUTCH COME BACK.
USED TO BE OUR OLD PATCH, REMEMBER?
REMEMBER RAGS? ALWAYS POKING FUN AT YOU FOR YOUR READING. HE'D BE, OH, ELEVEN, TWELVE, NOW...
YEAH. I REMEMBER. GOT KILLED THE DAY WE MET VETO.
DUTCH, I'M REALLY SORRY. ABOUT—
NO NEED TO BE.
I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO FIND OUT LIKE THAT. I THOUGHT, YOU AND ME WERE JUST FRIENDS, BEST FRIENDS. FROM WAY BACK
WHO SAYS WE AREN'T?
NO, VICTORIA. I'M NOT A KID ANYMORE.
LAST THING I WANT'S YOUR PITY.
POOR DUTCH
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. POOR DUTCH. IT'LL BE POOR US IF WE DON'T STOP SKREEMER.
OTHER PRESIDENTS'RE ARRIVING ANY MINUTE. BETTER GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER BEFORE THEN. PRESIDENT CHANDLER.


SIXTEEN AFTER THE FALL.
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR MARRIED LIVES, MY GRANDPARENTS ARE BEGINNING TO GET AHEAD...
THAT'S TWENTY WE'VE UNLOADED TODAY, DAD. SHALL I GO GET SOME MORE BOTTLES?
TIM WAS NOW FOURTEEN. THE TWINS, GEORGIE AND HELEN, WERE TWELVE. AND SOMETIMES CHARLIE WENT A WHOLE HOUR WITHOUT THINKING ABOUT KATIE.
NO, TIMOTHY. RUN HOME AND TELL YOUR MOTHER I'LL BE LATE NO POINT QUITTING 'TIL THE PUNTERS DRY UP.
STEP RIGHT IN, GENTLEMEN.
MY DAD'LL SERVE YOU
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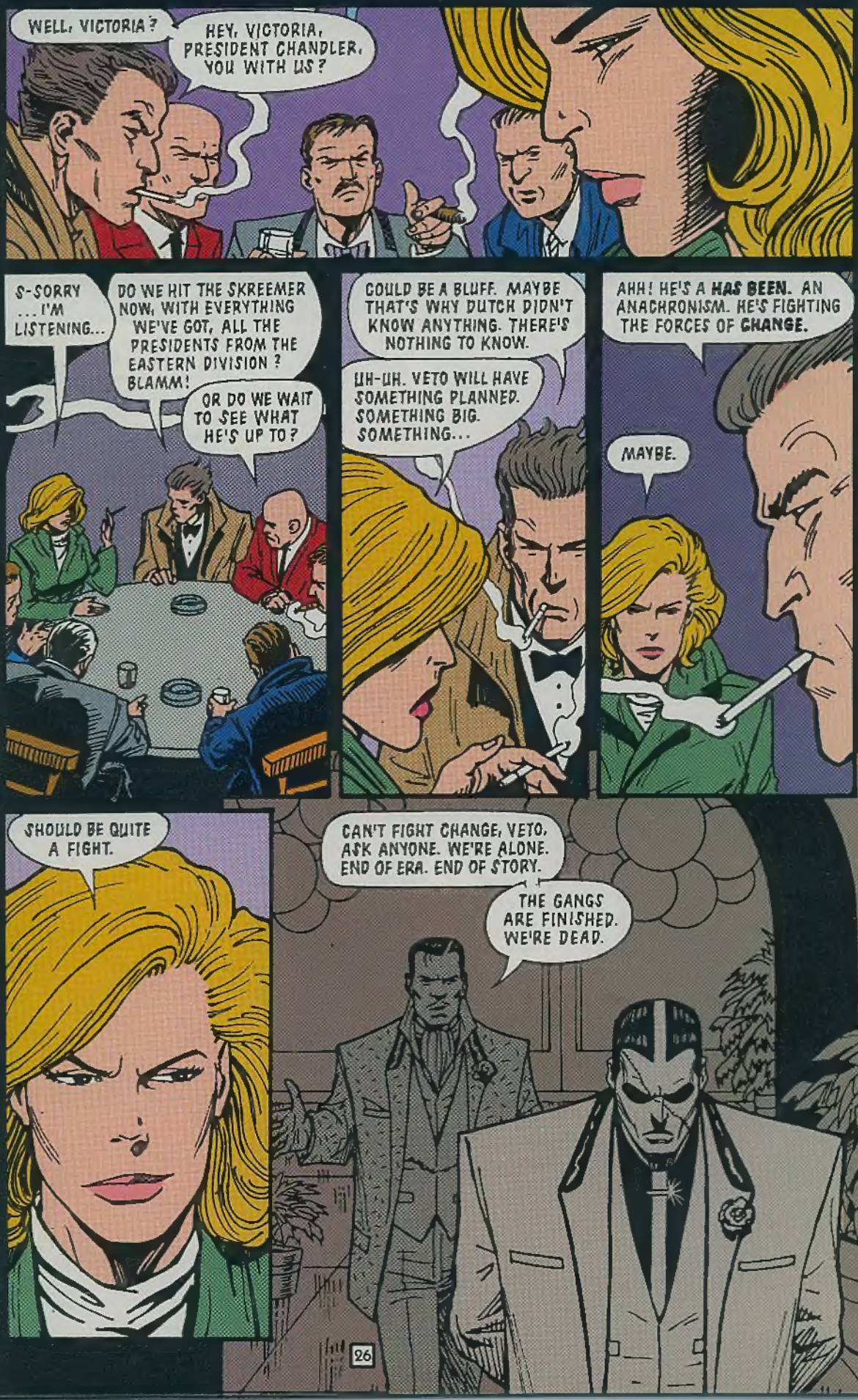
PRESIDENT WHYTE'S TERRITORY HAS EXPANDED. HE IS NOW YOUR PRESIDENT.
ONLY THOSE WITH HIS PERMISSION MAKE OR SELL LIQUOR
OH GOD, ... THE BASTARDS...
TIM, GO TO THE CELLAR AN' GET THE BANDAGES AND STUFF...

NINETEEN YEARS AFTER THE FALL. THE AIR STILL INHABITED BY MICROSCOPIC ASSASSINS.
PEOPLE STILL DYING OF COUGHS AND BAD CHESTS AND DISEASES OF THE EYE.
THE WORLD IS GOOD, FOR THOSE THAT IT SUITS.

VETO IS NOW THE ONLY DARK ANGEL TO BEAR THE TITLE SKREEMER.
HE IS THE SKREEMER.

NINETEEN AFTER THE FALL. WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS KEEP TURNING. THE FINNEGANS KEEP WAKING.
OF COURSE I'M SURE, CHARLIE.
IF IT'S A GIRL WE'LL CALL HER KATIE.

NINETEEN AFTER THE FALL...
I SEE YOU HAVE EYES FOR CLAUDIA. D'YOU WANT HER? MY PRESENT?
YES.
WHAT ABOUT VICKY? BEEN WITH YOU YEARS, AIN'T SHE? AND YOU, DUTCH AND HER ARE A KINDA TEAM, RIGHT?
WELL, VICTORIA?


WELL, VICTORIA?
HEY, VICTORIA, PRESIDENT CHANDLER. YOU WITH US?
S-SORRY ... I'M LISTENING...
DO WE HIT THE SKREEMER NOW, WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT, ALL THE PRESIDENTS FROM THE EASTERN DIVISION? BLAMM!
OR DO WE WAIT TO SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO?
COULD BE A BLUFF. MAYBE THAT'S WHY DUTCH DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING. THERE'S NOTHING TO KNOW.
UH-UH. VETO WILL HAVE SOMETHING PLANNED. SOMETHING BIG. SOMETHING...
AHH! HE'S A HAS BEEN. AN ANACHRONISM. HE'S FIGHTING THE FORCES OF CHANGE.
MAYBE.
SHOULD BE QUITE A FIGHT.
CAN'T FIGHT CHANGE, VETO. ASK ANYONE. WE'RE ALONE. END OF ERA. END OF STORY.
THE GANGS ARE FINISHED. WE'RE DEAD.

DUTCH...?
I'M SORRY, DUTCH.
I'M SORRY, VICKY.
I'M SORRY...

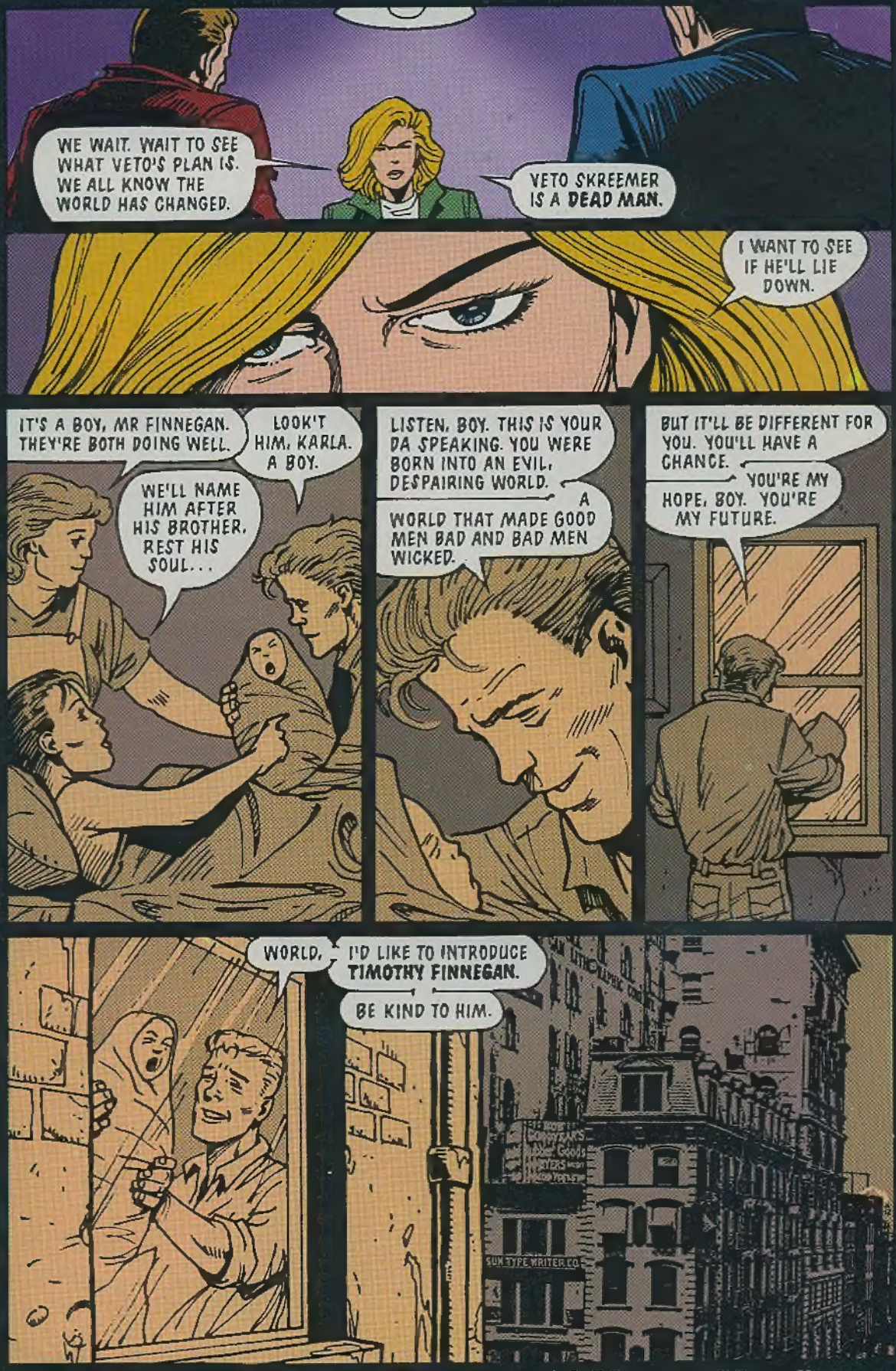
THIRTY EIGHT AFTER THE FALL. NINE YEARS BEFORE I WAS BORN.
THERE HE GOES AGAIN, FINNEGAN. STANDING ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD, TALKING TO HIMSELF.

MAYBE WHEN I'VE GOTTEN RID OF HIS... GARBAGE, YOU AND I CAN GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER...
LOOK'T IT. A BIG BOIL OF POISON. YOU KNOW HOW **DISGUSTING** IT IS, IMAGINING HIS **THING** GROWING INSIDE ME?

LIVING OFF ME, LIKE A PARASITE...
WHOAAA!
MISS SHANNON!

GEE, THANKS KID. MUST BE A BIT TIPSY. WHAT'S YA NAME, ANYHOW?
I TOLD YOU. FINNEGAN, MISS SHANNON.
NAH. YA **FIRST** NAME.

TIMOTHY, MISS SHANNON.


WE WAIT. WAIT TO SEE WHAT VETO'S PLAN IS. WE ALL KNOW THE WORLD HAS CHANGED.
VETO SKREEMER IS A DEAD MAN.
I WANT TO SEE IF HE'LL LIE DOWN.
IT'S A BOY, MR FINNEGAN. THEY'RE BOTH DOING WELL.
LOOK'T HIM, KARLA. A BOY.
WE'LL NAME HIM AFTER HIS BROTHER. REST HIS SOUL...
LISTEN, BOY. THIS IS YOUR DA SPEAKING. YOU WERE BORN INTO AN EVIL, DESPAIRING WORLD.
A WORLD THAT MADE GOOD MEN BAD AND BAD MEN WICKED.
BUT IT'LL BE DIFFERENT FOR YOU. YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE.
YOU'RE MY HOPE, BOY. YOU'RE MY FUTURE.
WORLD,
I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE TIMOTHY FINNEGAN.
BE KIND TO HIM.
SUN TYPE WRITER CO.

Next: "Woman to Woman and Man to Man."